

Gun Do Da Talkin'

Lil Wyte

Im a' blast on a hater
And worry bout it later
Got heatas in my hand
Masked up like Darth Vader
I dont wanna rap
I let my guns do the talkin
I dont wanna rap
I let my guns do the talkin

Now I dont tote around
Or even talk to you chumps
I eat, sleep, get high
And even walk with this pump
You cross me wrong one time
One times to many
I got about a thousand rounds
And ill pop off plenty
And I know youngstas in the hood
That will pop for penny's
So fo a hundred bones youll wash up
On that banks of the sippi.
And they virginity they ain't been takin
But they take what shorty like
Now he on his way upstate
They gave a shorty life
Thats what I mean when I say
We'll worry bout it later
He didnt think he just went out
And blasted at him a hata.
Lifes too short to not be out here
Chasin that papa. thats why I'm out here
Masked up in all black like Darth Vader

Now if you see me in the streets
Dont think I wont do sometin crazy
Walk up with this 380 put it right to ya baby
I got kids and I know that could be the worse thing I could do
If anyone takes some beef that far there really meanin business foo
So just cooperate and dont make a sudden move
One wrong word could leave some bullets up in you
Im so gangsta bitch dont even get me twisted
You got pastel pills and your brain could get evicted
And we dont fuck around in the gritty grimy great city of Memphis
We known for three thangs barbecues, good music and pimpin
If you make your way down here
Make sure your strapped when you out walkin cuz
We dont rap around out here
We let our pistols do the talkin